

(The Disciple)

Law.

No vagrant spectr of matter, dream of mind,
Finds being, but it straightway finds a mate,
Calm, waiting to receive it, - its own Law.

With fascinated eyes men watch ^{The Law} this truth
Take quiet, sure possession of their lives
Through all the incidents that mark the years.

No change of state so quick, but ere it work,
The Law of the new state doth rise & come,
With the slow ease of one who takes his own,
To grasp, & hold, & rule its every ^{all} issue.

Fighting sting'd insects, kicking against pricks
Is all attempt to avert the course of Law:
As act, or say, or do but thinks a thought,
And such, and such, shall surely come to pass,
Eternal sequent of such act or thought.

^{The inevitable}

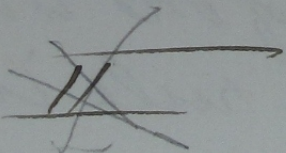
A agony of ever narrowing walls.

What closer, closer hedge in work & thought
And love and all of life, till the poor soul

12p2cm10
Ever more straiten'd, gasps for space to be!

Oh, glad
Glorious emancipation then to discern
The true face of the Law! That Law for us
Not we for Law, exist; that Law is Will;
The present, personal, living Will of God
Whose every motion's ^{born of love} born of a need
That presses on some creature of His care.

In a large place straightway the feet are set,
And all the faculties do stretch & play,
Expand themselves, break into vigorous life
In such full inspiration of high air.



Double Spar

Within our ken; - yet, - "after God's own heart;"
With thought of relaxation, lessened strain,
We seek the Spring of this accepted life: -

A sense of sin, by shame & sorrow ^{weighed} measured,
Forgiveness, raising a white heat of love,
Of mighty trust, born of Almighty help, -
In no dead letter do we find these writ,
For in like characters is spell the tale

Of Life
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Of order

12p2cm10
Of Life in us; e'en to the fullest word
12p3cm10
Of sorrow, love + hope that pushes out:
For not by measure is the Spirit's work;
And not by need: But out of His own fulness
Pours He forth, ^{untill} hearts of common men
Find in the yearnings of the King's great soul
The very power of utterance they crave.

And is there nothing more? was it for this
That He, the David's Lord, is called his Son
As tho' some kindred likeness dwelt in each?

When He stood offering to slow hands the key
Wherewith to open the Law, & none would take
Have ye not read, He said, how David said
This pass to freedom ye do now reject?

~~III~~ Double Space

A Presence, brushing his garments, fanning
His very cheek, is Law to every man;
Yet to dull souls, a presence unperceived,
Things happening day by day, in order due,
To their latest day, but happen still.
Occasional ^{luminous} glimpses flash on other minds
Of order plan & purpose in their lives

12p4 cmc6
More than they wot of; yet are there some
In the ~~minute~~ ^{hurry} details of things immediate.
Others again, of intellect more quick,
Perceive the incessant-action of the Law;
Perceive, but to resist: or some, to bow
With a dull acquiescence, as to that
They have no power to hinder or to help.

But - O the warmth + depth + breadth + height
Of any soul that comprehends the Law
And comprehending, loves it! That, looking round,
Sees the commandment is exceeding broad,
Looking within, sees it exceeding near,
Exceeding mighty, and exceeding sure!
That, looking up, discerns that Law is God!
And rapt in awe + wonder, saying still,
Becomes enamoured of the loveliness
Fair order, use + goodness, that appear
In all the workings he has learned to know
As going forth of God. Henceforth for such, him,
All strife and bitterness have ceased from life:
Submission sweet, they learn ^{his} times to take
In daily portions as dealt out to them;
Meekly to bear, and as courageous, act.

And such the ~~vision~~ ^{thought} who could interpret when
Christ spoke of liberty that dwells in law.
i2p4cmcb
i2p5cmcb
Such, he, who could interpret when Christ taught
Of buoyant freedom to be found in Law:
He, whose ~~sympathetic~~ ^{sympathetic} ~~skill~~ ^{thought} discerned
The hidden impulse in Messiah's heart.
The Law within - for he, too, loved the Law.
Not as his Lord, with love strong to fulfil,
Strong only to adore and ^{much} to desire!

A soul attuned to order; & will to wait
The bidding of the Law or Christ's;
A mind, that, with angelic apprehension
Should grasp the boundless reaches spann'd by Law;
Eyes that should see in all affairs of men
The inevitable sequence, which doth yet
Produce as certain good - for this the Law -
And, scanning the great-universe, discern
In all the forms of God's creatures, lines
That - blazon to the world his glorious Name;
Nor yet disclaim, as in the old star fable,
To predicate the destinies of men: -

Such the large longings of this mighty soul:

'Twas not that he attain'd: alas, his life
All marr'd by error, strife & failure, proved
A sad, submissive forfeit to the Law
He found no strength to keep. Yet not by this,
His wretched rendering of the thought within,
But by that thought itself - the broken oft,

Yet still renewed, true purpose of his soul,
 Did the just-God interpret his ~~poor~~ ^{long} life.
 'Enlarge my heart, for I they ~~have~~ ^{know} would know!
 By this, his large desire, is he judged
 And so accepted: while more lawful lives
 That-compare the desires of smaller souls,
 Unpraised are passed by; and he alone,
 The man who well approved himself to God!

As when some mutual friend delights to dwell
 On traces of an absent-loved one's mind,
 Till those who ne'er have seen, imagine well
 His ways, how precious; looks & tones, how kind.—

So the blest-Spirit for these wearying eyes
 Paints a true picture of our well-loved Lord;
 So living in its likeness, faith may rise
 Toward that full knowledge, her assured reward.

Forecasts.

"Thy will be done!"

Master

Patience! Thou wilt let me poor, -
 Haughty and rich am I;
 In self-dependence rich,
 Presuming, hard, and high: -
 Faith, looking on the coming years, doth see
 Dark faults, sore failures, let to humble me. -
 Thy will be done!

A mourner must I be:
 And holy messengers
 Oft have Thy presence left -
 To bring me blessed tears:
 Too soon they fail, and sins hot breath sweep by:
 Then wilt Thou take the spot, and chew it me,
 Till weeping, fain I turn to hide in Thee:
 Thy will be done!

Meek wouldst Thou have Thy child: -
 How little can I bear!
 How seldom wait for Thee
 Quiet within Thy care!
 Tho' through provokings, teach me to endure,
 Bid errors make me of myself less sure:
 Thy will be done!

A hungry, thirsting one
 Must Thy disciple be;
 And I so full! grown fat-
 On Thy gifts, leaving Thee!
 But- Thou wilt teach me want, or take away
 All lesser food, till Thou, my only stay!
 Thy will be done!

Merciful as Thou art!-
 O how hard judgments rise!
 O this censorious tongue,
 Evil discerning eyes!-
 Yet- His sweet-mercy will my thing impart,
 If by no other way, e'en through the smart-
 Of pity withheld in my extremities:
 Thy will be done!

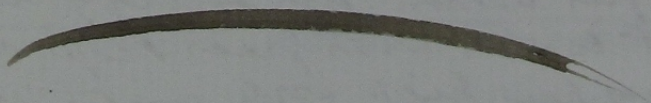
Pure, e'en in Thy pure eyes!
 Smile and free from guile;
 O when shall these vain thoughts
 Pure rising, meet Thy smile?
 E'en this Thou Christ-is mine; Tho' it should be
 That first- through purging fires, Thou go with me
 Thy will be done!

Ruled by the Prince of Peace!
 How far from this my state.
 Off-striving for my own.
 Exact, harsh, state!

No peace is found in me; but Thou wilt come
 And make this chafing bosom Thy sweet home.
 Thy will be done!

Thus I abide his time,
 For hath the King not sworn
 That all these shall be mine
 And will not he perform?

If tender ways shall serve, such will Thou use,
 But smite, if need be; I would not refuse.
 Thy will be done!



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 mile?
 Tho' it should be
 one go with me

Moses.

* * * * *

Heb. XI. 24 - 26.

Such entrance had the temple won to soul
Less single, faithful, free from self. For him,
The lesser praise of sacrifice is lost
In high Audience, that perceives no choice;
In faith, so fixed on glories of the promise
That all immediate & more personal good
Devoid of lustre seems, uncertain, dim,
Like men and trees & shapes of earth to eye.
Long gilded with splendours of a western sun.
Happy the people are in such a case!
O ye, blest-are they in whom their God provides
Deliverer so meet!

Reluctant?

"I come into his heart to visit his brethren"

Some souls there are, confined in given sphere,
Who feel within an energy divine
That could, with freer scope, do mighty things:
They see high work, unreach'd, around them lie,
The work our wiser witness claims as theirs,
But cannot reach it, - so hemm'd in as they! -
Wish for a thing enough, and strangely often
So importunately, though it be dumb,
The wish is given: then one day wake to find
Hindrances vanished, the work brought to their hand,
As with permit to test their fitness for it.
No weak mistrust of self their ardour damps,
With lofty confidence and fearless zeal

Lat.

12p10cm10
They essay their powers: the goal draws near: then, lo!
Some casual failure in self-mastery,
Some want of judgment: tact: or reticence
Makes shipwreck of the whole! Do they escape, -
Barely escape, seizing their lives as prey, -
Then, in the agony of self-abasement,
Which is but pride taking the lowest place,
That so, no further fall be possible,
The condemnation issues from themselves
They had refused to read in obstacles
That hindered their advance: They are not-fit,
They never were, they never will be fit -
For aught - but - to escape from eyes of men,
And silent-crawl to an unhonoured grave!

"Moses was content to dwell with the man."

lad. son

Only the warped in mind do fret and fume,
And spend their force in mad attempts to shift
The stubborn bounds that fix their place in life:
True natures acquiesce; - holding as creed,
That-Circumstance, a sacred oracle,
Speaks with the voice of God to faithful souls.

Content to dwell:

With Midian's shepherd chief, & herd his flock, -
The only record of the Prophet's mind
In all these forty years.

High years! That stand
 As the red-letter era of our race:
 Days when a man did prove how high, how deep,
 Where man might reach in knowledge of our God:
 Height never soared, depth never sounded, since
 Taken by the Son who shares his Father's being.
 O mystery of grace! That any man,
 Standing for forty years with open breast
 Beneath the full down-streaming of the Spirit,
 Should be at last so utterly fulfill'd,
 Possessed, imbued with the mind divine,
 That apprehending human eye could meet
 The face of God:—That he, once among men,
 Should note the answering flow of sympathy!

Supper /

"Of such is the Kingdom."
 In the Kingdom are the children;
 You may read it in their eyes;
 All the freedom of the Kingdom
 In their careless humour lies.

Very winsome are the children
 Yet what merit in their grace?
 Small the pains they take for goodness,
 Scarcely know they Duty's face.

Trail error faulty ~~are the children~~
 Yet well pleasing to their King:
 Little thoughts - they take to serve Him;
 Yet the chosen offering bring.

Ours the weary, long endeavour,
 Theirs, the happy entering in;
 Ours to strive and wait and labour,
 Theirs, to joy before the King!

"Accept ye be as the children,
 Ye have in my realm no place:—
 Lord, A how meekly would we learn
 The glad secret of their grace!

Not in holy, painful living;
 Not in tears, nor e'en in prayers;
 Not in white days, pure from sinning;
 No such perfectness is theirs.

What do they to ^{late} earn the Kingdom?
 Only this they leave undone—
 Suffering Christ to reign within them.
 They in nought ^{instead} ~~intend~~ His throne.

i2p14 cmc.10
On the children's brows no wrinkles
That themselves do fill their thought;
In the children's hearts no strivings
That to them be honour brought.

Therefore greets the King an entrance;
Truly goes he out and in;
Sheds the gladness of his presence;
For the babes doth victory win!

And for this it is, their angels
Go behold the face of God;
Never hicting their pure foreheads
For the chance of their beloved:

Uttering for the children praises,
Perfect, worthy of the King;
Promises that the babes consent to
Though they have not learned to sing.

But perchance, when childhood vanished,
Self doth swell the bosom's lord—
Says all hush'd & veiled faces—
Come the angels to keep ward.

Patient-faithful, still they hover
 Baffling many a fell attack;
 But - all joyless in their labours
 Till the King shall be brought-back.

Oh, the joy when one repenteth!
 Sure his angel, eager, speeds,
 Spreads the triumph through the heavens.
 The glad hymns of victory lead!

Rest.

12 plb cmc 10

A rest-remaineth!-
Deeper than any thought of man,
Sweeter than any dream of man,
Fuller than any hope of man,
So conceive which hath not entered
Into any heart of man.

As the sunny air to the life of a bird,
As brooding sleep to the life of a babe,
As the brave sea to the life of a ship,
So the infinite, unutterable rest of God.
So the blest souls that are upborne thereon.

When in its extremest strait, a hopeless soul
Lies down beneath its burden, heaven's gates open,
And the soul, for one eternal moment,
Is taken in, and steep'd & bathed in rest:-
One moment in a life. Thus was it once:
A feeble body, and a brain o'er-fraught
With many thoughts and cares; a desolate heart
Brooding o'er empty places in the earth
Not to be filled again: life was too much;
The fainting body and more languid soul
Made plaint, for voice too feeble, Lord, how long?

And then it came:
The revelation of the infinite
Eternal rest of God:
It came: but how to tell of it!-

Then to live out all possibilities
 Of love and help.
 Of counsel and support—
 That now but mock ^{be}
 These slow unloving wills: to dwell unseen
 Among our own beloved, a ghostly screen.

And love them with a passion purged from self,
 That as an air
 Tenders, should wrap their lives,
 No ever yet—

With any waywardness: to lay their cares,
 And with pure spirit promptness, help their prayers.

~~If this were life!~~ Not only for our own
~~What life were this!~~ Would we have help
 Laid on us, but for all
 Whose pain now moves.

Whose thoughts inspire, — all life that any way,
 If only in fond dream, in ours doth play.

And not unmoved or self-imposed, our tasks,
 Were bidden
 By the dear Word of God,
 Willing His Will.

In the low rest of meekness were our ease;
 So, working, still, should we from labours cease.

Charm

The little girl is sad - what troubles her?
 But: fresh the hurt, & will not bear just yet
 The touch of words, so, "Nothing," she replies.
 Further urged, the reticence sweet instant
 Casts o'er feeling drops aside, and, "A poor man,
 No food, no friends, no bed to lie upon; -
 Now has she words for more, for tears & sobs
 That leave the little frame with holy passion,
 An agony of pity. -

nc 10
12p19cm010
The springing heart, a
~~That as a little child's again.~~
~~That forgetting all the former pain,~~
~~The spirit washed in the great rain~~
Is joined with the ^{temper of} ~~feathered~~ swift
Of souls new washed to their new birth;

9 'The Valley shall be exalted.'

Some hearts there be that lie so low,
The moaning sea doth overflow,
The sea of Desolation:
Both overflow and not retire
Till turned the substance be to mire,
As ere the first-creation.

O wherefore lie these hearts so low,
What working hath depressed them so
That they invite this ocean?
The pressure of self-consciousness,
Of self-perceived unpleasantness,
Draws floods of vain emotion.

So low they lie, in vain the King
Assayeth His good seed to bring
And sow them for the reaping;
At each step sink the beauteous feet;
No way he makes; for all is meet.
The place is made with weeping.

But-sure tears best-prepare the land
 For seed cast by the blessed hand
 Of Christ-the kindly Sower!
 Aye, tears that have their spring in love,
 That grieve for grieving him doth move
 These fertilize the more.

But-tears that mourn an idol's fall
 An idol that doth yet-enthral
 Though known a thing polluted;
 A self-abbord and cherished still
 Still chosen supervisor of the will, -
 What-help for such depths einted?

The King Himself shall fill the place;
 Layer on layer, His clear grace
 Shall sink, until it raises
 A path his feet may tread upon.
 A level tranquil plain, whereon
 Fair fruits shall shew his praise!

Grief.

Then it was true:—

We two were one, though in two bodies housed:
And he is dead: and I, — I am no more!
Else sure my sister's hap and woe had power
To move.—

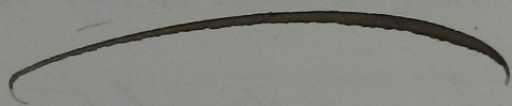
The fifth! the poor House-father first;
Then Lily and Wilhelm in their bright strong youth;
Then, — oh, my heart! — and now poor Leticia's spouse.
There is no worse to come. No worse can come.
And the poor Mother's dazed wonderment
Of woe, she looks, as of a child astray
That cannot find its bearings in the crowd,
Is fixed in many a Mother's eye in our
Poor town, where every house weeps for its dead.

But oh, my desolation! they know not;
Nor have I tears for them. My Beautiful!
My Life! who didst fulfil my days with rest,
Rest from vain longings and self-questionings!
The trick of being happy grew so strong
That — sometimes I forget, and this poor heart
Beats fast, as though the wanted step could stir
Its pulses more; — then memory wakes again
And one dull thud, that ^{ah, when will it} each might be the last!
Knells out my life.

Oh, the brave heart!
That hated war, but loved the Fatherland!
That hated war, but could not hate the foe.

Seeing in every face some hearts Beloved!
 Oh, that he, the tender soul, the loving,
 Should have been torn & pash'd with frightful wounds,
 And die in worst extreme of agony!

They talk of thousands slain; of thousand homes
 Left desolate: I cannot weep for these:
 My life is dead! and I, as a poor corpse
 Stirr'd with palvornic life, unconscious ape
 Its accustomed motions.



p22cmc10

u2p23cmc10

Murillo's Picture -

Child of Art, spirit-born,
Our thanks we give
For the still holiness
The fair child-mnocence
And the worship embodied
In thee that live!
We'll wait to make thee rise
Thou woman pure:
Held by no chains of sin,
No earth-bound hopes within,
Drawn to Centre above thee
Thy course were sure.

Knowest how high thou art,
God-seeking soul?
Above all earth's clamour,
Above the moon's plannor,
Above the thick clouds which still
Over us roll; -

May, thy sweet-majesty
Knows not its state:

Into thy joys pure deep
No sense of self could creep
And leave thee unconscious still.
Child-like and great.

In air we breathe not yet
Thy soul doth soar;
We climb the heights of prayer
Only by efforts rare.
Higher still is thy dwelling,
Thou dost adore!

The power of the Highest
Thine to know:
In fearing the mystery,
Adoring the Majesty,
And loving that Love supreme
All thy powers flow.

What need for the Seer
Who for men brought
From the innermost shrine
Nearer the Shadow divine.

1 cmc 10
That face, in its ^{pure} ~~innocence~~ ^{innocence} ~~foolishness~~
Hushing our thought?

12 p 25 cmc 10
The mind the true prophet
Covets alone:
That the truth he reveals,
The inspiration he feels,
Make the hearts of his fellows
Burn as his own.

"There is no beauty -"

Fairer than all the sons of men,
Lovely beyond our ^{any} loveless ken,
The beauty of the Lord our God upon Him
Wherefore sayest thou we should not drink Him?

A Sacrifice with red wounds scar'd -
Ah, pity He should be so ~~scar'd~~! -
But - dear love, lo! these are these stripes upon Him,
And more than any grace do bind us to Him.

Not cherish'd of our love alone -
Our need his every mark doth own:
Hung'ring and hopeless, we save for his dying,
In evil state without the gates were lying.

If this were all the tale! sure none
But fair and dear the Lamb would own:
But there is more; who tasteth his salvation
Must, dying, live in Christ - our long oblation.

Fast-bound, a living Sacrifice,
 With silent lips and patient eyes,
 And pierced hands, that grasp not any treasure,
 And nailed feet, that move not on His pleasure.

Looking, ^{weak} our hearts do sink in fear;
 Seen from afar, how fair! Drawn near,
 The vision of the Lamb appals! Core paineth
 Us this continuous ^{weak} Dying that constraineth!

Our Saviour! now, Thy day of power!
 So make us willing in this hour
 To bear about Thy Dying in our bodies,
 That fruit of our mortal pains, Thy Life arise!

Lord, "Increase our Faith" - (The Disciple)

A cord there is, which heaven doth use to bind
Two lives in one: - with such considerate care
In joining each to each, that thus they grow,
The two, one higher being: the strength of each
So strengthened is; the beauty, beautified;
While the thin places in each character
Pieced and sustained by strong parts in the other,
Do safely so endure the wear of life.

Of three bright differing strands this cord is spun:
Two from a heavenly loom, are straight-run out,
While from his substance man the third doth fetch,
Just as some spider draws wherewith to make
Her web from her own body: yet is this
A heavenly product like the other twain,
But differing from them, in that from the first
It was lodged in man's bosom: - or less or more
According to the will that draws upon it.

This 'tis his part to take, & wind with those
In trinne strength invincible. Should he fail,
Or draw with niggard, or uncertain hand
The other two, still running out to seek:
Full measure of this third wherewith to twine,
Knotted & tangled grow, & fret the lives
With many a let and hindrance, they had else
Bound in fair symmetry & entire strength.

in doth this hold in closest bond almost
But in it cannot experience of an hour,
Love it there and every other by the way.

Know
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Imagined *And*
 Knowledge and Love and Faith, - of these is spun
 The cord that knits two souls in Friendships bonds;
 That threefold cord, not to be broken soon.

No bidding of the will may summon Love,
 And not of duly noted acts and words
 Comes the perception of another's being:
 As little of ourselves are these, as moods
 Of gloom and gladness born of changes wrought
 In the quick face of Nature.

Too much we think
 To rule ourselves, the while our Author holds
 Our spirits all responsive to His touch,
 And plays upon them with His winds & light -
 And mystic influences in the air,
 And mystic sympathies with men & things -
 All in our eyes too light for passing thought -
 Which yet do mould us into that we are.
 But though our bliss or woe come not of us,
 Receptive power is lodged in every breast;
 All may reject or take, and this it is
 That rules the differing pitch of human lives:
 Open thy being wide - it shall be filled;
 Suspicious guard all inlets, - sadly to prove
 The aching famine of our unmet heart.
 According to thy faith, the friend thou knowest
 According to thy faith, shall prove thy God!

What is this my pang that shall be eased?
 Or, my friend, canst believe enough in man?

A Sycamore, our neighbour's tree, not ours;
 But-as we make things ours by loving them;
 A tree of common aspect, save to us
 For whom it is a type of all fair things:
 For not-for its own sake we count it dear,
 But-as it holds a key to many a store
 Wherein the heart-keeps pleasant-thoughts+ hopes
 And memories of brightness, ever fresh;
 And every change by changing season wrought-
 Or work of passing breeze or varying light
 Finds sure response in our as changeful moods.

The flick'ring sunlight-dances through its leaves,
 Making cool brightness with soft-shade between
 In thousand airy chambers; at the spell,
 Green forest-glades and waters bough beswept,
 And sunny hills with cloudy shadows flecked,
 And faces, in their play of light and shade,

Grateful as trees in summer - obedient - flit -
 In a like fairy maze through weary brain.

Its branches fringed with feathery tassels, sway
 With lazy motion on the wind; and straight,
 All peaceful visions ever seen or dream'd
 Come floating, gliding, shimmering on the sense,
 With melody of motion silencing
 Such "discords as invade the spirit's ease".

For these and numberless such ministries,
 A tree, one by itself, has thus become.

Unrest

Small room is leisure in these restless days:
 Rather we crave that every moment find
 Us taxed to weariness of limbs & mind,
 Mind weariness, that e'en unrest obeys!
 For oh, how life on our tense spirits weighs
 In heavy pauses, for our ease assign'd,
 When needful occupation lays behind,
 And, choosing its own paths, the spirit strays!
 Aching and longing, quivering with unrest,
 For which the moment-fair shows cause & name:
 Friends trust us not enough, or cares infect,
 Or our own evil grieves, or wrongs inflame.
 The cause is one: at issue still with life,
 The soul seeks ease in cries - its peace through strife!

IX.

plash

Rest—

plash

Peace and joy will! play and peace! Sweet Peace!
 A grateful cadence ^{falls} strikes on ^{quiet} the still end
 As liquid fall of oar on waters cool;
 And life's long ^{strain} passionate endeavours cease;
 From turbulent desire comes release;
 And restless thought is under perfect rule
 Sitting meek Scholas in the Master's school
 For-hope that to the meek shall scope increase—
 We shall not strive nor cry, nor in the street
 For any deed of His, shall lift His voice:—
 But One among the sons of men is meek
 For the mild play of this praise. Rejoice,
 When cries are hush'd in thee, strife at an end—
 The King holds court within—^{my} O could attend!

X

X "A Man of Sorrows."

(A Thought Sent to Lent.)
 O soul, and whence is this to thee!
 Wouldst know if so great marvel be,
 That ^{Jesus Christ} thy one Lord should condescend
 To dwell thy close abiding friend?

Ash not alone of gracious mood,
 When peace ^{with which} a healing shadow broods,
 And meekness, love, & patience sit,
 Disciples, at those wounded feet.

If Christ doth truly dwell in thee,
 Uneasy Inmate will he be:
 A heavy Presence, sighing, sad,
 Shall oft defy thee to make glad

With any joy that sense can bring.
 In vain thou stirr'st thy heart to sing
 As though no care oppress'd thy state;
 A Man of Sorrows, he doth wait

Till thou be moved to hear his plaint;
 Till thou perceive it is thy taint
 The plague spot of an alien heart,
 That moves him to so sad a part!

And then, - ah, when, his grief made thine
 When penitence, sharp grace divine
 Both the corrupting spot atone
 In tears, all his, and yet thine own, -

Thy springing heart, a child's again,
 Forgetting all the former pain,
 Is jocund with the temper'd mirth
 Of souls new-washed to their new birth!

~~(Editor)~~

Let me say
143
I never cross
The Cross of Self (The Disrupt)
i2p36cmcl2
A Parable -

A father, who his sons would send
To goal remote for weighty end,
First-called, & bound on each the load
Whose conduct-safety upon the road
Was their chief care: on each that share
His strength just fitted him to bear.
At first scarce noting that they bore,
Aron the burden presses sore
Upon the weaker of the two.
The father, wise, had out of view
Bound on their backs the load; now he
Doth bring it round, its bulk to see;
Then in his hands doth poise, and weigh,
And to his comrade doleful cry,
My brother, do but feel the weight!
How walk sustaining such a freight?
Nay, brother, let one ease on thee
But one end of my load, so we
May go with equal pace. - Agreed;
But ever tardier proves their speed:

uneven steps, ill-balanced weight
Doubles for each his former freight.-
Good brother, couldst thou bear the whole!
I know thee strong, a valiant-soul,
And I so weak! full sweet-it were
Thus onward in thy strength to fare!
Forgetting that-he bears behind
The brother yields, ere long to find
A wisdom surer than his own
Had given a burden, which, alone,
Was all his strength could well sustain:-
Now, thou must take thy load again,
It is too much; & why shouldst thou
Go free, whilst I twice-burden'd bow?
Whereat his brother plains & frets,
But-still to take his load forgets:-
I thought-thou couldst me; now I know
Thy fondness but-a treacherous show!-
Thus, hearts divided, thenceforth, they
Fall out-and strive upon the way!

All other burdens men may share,
And brother-kind, for brother bear;

Death Self, must each soul stand alone!
 Nor for this isolation moan,
 Nor pity thee, that none may know
 Thy craving Self's peculiar woe:
 Bear it an unregarded weight
 With ~~steadfast~~^{forward} steps; eyes, steadfast, straight,
 And, lo, ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{gone} ~~it~~ disappears,
 The terror that oppresses thy years!
 Another tenderer yoke is laid
 Whose heaviness is all overpaid
 By the sweet-sense of service given;
 Bearing, thou movest, ^{this day} ~~lies now~~, in heaven.

No sympathy, exacting, crow
 In every mood, or fang or paw;
 No entrance to thy brother's ear
 With all thy hope & all thy fear;
 No till each trifling discontent
 Another's heedless way hath left
 No thy more intimate concern—

How low grows cold - how low doth burn,
 How low the wren doth not prevail -
 No such foot of small avast: In a nest of secret - sing thy tale:

Buttercups.

Sleek cows, deep grass, and Buttercups
 To speak out for the rest; the golden-mouth of
 Chrysostoms of the field, to cry, behold,
 Was ever found so goodly! — Kidneys of wheat
 Milk, flesh of herds, & fruits find sweet voice
 In depth of yellowness that feeds the gaze! —
 Give it one good long look, this Buttercup;
 First, gazing from your height, you see it soft
 Velvety in its richness; stooping, — behold
 It clear and cool and bright, — the veriest type
 Of a land full without satiety!
 Mark next its bearing, how it holds itself
 As one at ease, round & compact of being,
 Blest with generous store of all good things:
 Good things, not thoughts; no hint this foldency
 Offers of strivings and aspirings, born
 For most part of felt barrenness. Ah, well!
 To dwell at ease in the land is one good thing;
 And by our Lady Rose, the Buttercup —
 With force to make the palate of the inner
 Senses waxes, and stir deep breaths of fulness
 And desire, — well symbolises England's pastures,

(The Description of the Wilderness:)-

1. I Of Treariness.

A solitary place, - a heaven of brass,
 Fierce, shimmering, pitiless:
 For thy poor feet, no sword of yielding grass, -
 O'er rugged ways of iron thou must pass
 In painfullest distress:
 The very dew forget their tender power;
 A smarting hail of dust, the only shower.

And Duty, barren Duty, all around
 As stones of iron, cold;
 And Law, fierce flawless Law, the dreary bound,
 That all thy heaven shuts in: nor fount is found,
 Nor stream, nor sheltering fold;
 No ease no hope, no human love to bless
 Thy faintings in this hungry wilderness.

But list, a voice, - sure, friendly is the tone,
 Nay, hath God set thee here,
 And cloth ~~He~~ offer, for thy meat - a stone?
 Then is it that He knows thy will alone
 Can bid abundant cheer;
 Abjure thy toils, sit soft & take thine ease,
 And lo, These stones shall feed, this desert please!

Hence, Channery, wise as false, who know it well
 With truth to trick thy tale! -
 These stones in earth yield meat to holy spell:
 Take thy tasks to thee, selfish aims expel -
 Lo, comfort shall not fail!
 Thy choice, as His, to do the Father's will -
 Behold, the Word that bids, is Bread to fill!

2 II. Of Disappointment.

A soul with folded powers
 Lits cowering close: the hours
 Hang heavy on the wing
 As birds of night, not sing
 For joy, nor soar in hope,
 Nor ask for any scope!

Since yesterday, how long!—
 As a forgotten song,
 Familiar in old days,
 Lost 'long ago' shall raise,
 And yet bring back no part
 In the old stir of heart—
 Then thus is yesterday!
 So wholly pass'd away!

~~Ah, then, how full was life!~~
~~With what fair purpose ripe!~~
~~How, hurrying to and fro,~~
~~Went busy thought, to close~~
~~The swift event to meet~~

~~Dearest's impetuous feet!~~
~~Indignant rose a lord,~~
~~All fulness his award,~~
~~And friends, a precious cloud~~
~~Of witnesses, around~~
~~Spoke hopes that indign'd~~
~~The trem'ling soul that heard!—~~

O how one little cloud
 A whole bright-heaven may shroud!
 How one unkindly smart—
 Shall desolate the heart!
 Life's promise hollow found,
 How shifts the solid ground
 From 'neath despairing feet!
 What place is there meet—
 When self stands prob'd and torn,
 Of love and promise chorn?

The Kingdoms, ah, the Kingdoms!
 The glory of the Kingdoms!—
 A singing voice shall soothe,
 Soft promises shall smooth
 Bride's risen crest: behold,

For every brightness fled,
 Some gaudier glory shed!
 The poor self stripp'd & scorn'd
 Stands graciously adorn'd
 With beauty, praise and power,
 A very princely dower!
 And all shall feel the flow;
 Cold friends shall live to know,
 To feel as fiery coals
 Dropp'd on unloving souls,
 The goodness from them cast,
 The old love from them pass'd:—
 Nay, living yet to bless
 Through all unworthiness!—
 With constancy divine
 To pour a flood benign
 Of benefits and graces
 On the abashed faces
 So coldly turn'd away
 From th' sore need of to-day!

O crying Voice, how sweet!
 O Comforter discreet
 Who know'st so apt a strain

4cmelo
i2p45cmelo
To charm away the pain!
What freedom for thee must
Thou bring in voice so sweet?

So small, scarce shalt thou feel
Thou pay it: thou must kneel
And name one Lord. No dread
That thus another head
Thou own it; but call thine own
These glories to thee shewn,
In dream or in desire
To such sole state aspire,
And lo, the debt's condon'd,
My sovereignty is won!
For I myself would raise
And make thee thine own praise,
Serving myself. Then serve me,
So well our mutual claims agree!

Soul, list! another Word.—
Trust not all spirits heard
In secret whispering thee,
But try them, where they be.
They bid thee rule the king
For whom the days shall bring
Their fulness? False are they;
Who lives, lives but to obey. ^{Trust them not} ^{There is a sweeter lot:}
They bid thee serve? They are of thee,
Their guiding follow'd, well is thee!

offering

The Better Part.

Once, a little child, he pondered with wide eyes
on life's strange ways;
Seeing, noting, learning, wondering. - full of mar-
vels ever those days.

Found he time for pain & gladness, sin and
" goodness had their part.
Only Self had not obtained yet the lordship ^{high place}
of his heart.

This we know, tho' mute the story; this is true
of us and him. -

Next we see him stretch'd in anguish, aching
brow and tortured limb.

And the anguish all deserved, from his own
mouth judge his case;

Law defied and life despised, where for
mercy is there place?

Could we know the thoughts that wrought him
 in those hours upon the tree!—
 Carseth he the day that gave him life for
 sin and misery?
 Circumstances strong against him, does he
 pity his own fall?
 Or, all ordered in his favour, does remorseful
 fear appeal?

^{Mark} Does the present awful anguish dull his
 sense to all beside?
 From the terrors of the judgment, would his
 cowering spirit hide?—
 As a child again, he ponders thoughts where
 Self has no concern;
 Mid the agonies of dying, he doth wonder
 Mark and learn!

Self is powerless to engage him while that
 Other hangeth near;
 All his soul is lost in worship, love, discerning,
 Swallows fear.
 Not his own life, but that Other, passes him
 in swift review;
 Such a life, and such a Dying! - Sure his
 Kingship must be true!

Then his own need comes before him, - In Thy
 Kingdom think on me!"
 In the Kingdom of the Child-like has he
 Shewn himself to be.
 By no strange sovereign act of mercy does his
 Lord accept that prayer;
 But according to his promise that all
 Child-souls shall be there!

Sloth.

How hap's it that 'mongst all
 The lusts that could enthrall
 Your Bible Worthies to ^{hapless} shameful fall,
 Sloth chews not first.
 Hell from me accurst
 Where every pestilent root of ill is sown?
 Who slips, must erst have stood,
 Have made his foothold good,
 Have risen and kept him up, ere fall he could:
 But who lies prone,
 Such toils unknown,
 May comfort him, - lapse for him is there none;
 Full sum of ill doing is, leaving undone:
 Had Saints of old been fair in sloth to sit,
 The story of their days had not been writ.

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